

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 12

Our Lady's Lullaby

"O Mother lull to sleep thy Child
And press Him close to Thee.
Full soon the rabble raging wild
Shall nail Him to the Tree.
Sleep Jesus, sleep, nor glimpse the way
That leads to Calvary.
Too great my bliss with Thee today
To think of losing Thee."

"O Shepherds come to greet your King
This Lowly Babe adore:
Soon men shall insults at Him fling
All bathed in Blessed Gore.
Rest Jesus, rest, upon the straw
Behold Thy Mother near.
My kisses mixt with love and awe
Shall banish all Thy fear."

"Ah blessed joys of Bethlehem
Too soon must they depart
Full glad the price I pay for them,
A sword within my Heart.
Peace Jesus, peace, I am with Thee
I hear Thy Infant sighs,
Our Cross for all mankind shall be
The key to Paradise."

M. J. R., C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Plump and rosy, proud of her new home and her new baby, Mrs. Nora Ashlane bounced about the bright new living room like a balloon tire on the oft-sung "road to Dublin," bounced the baby into his waiting carriage, and baby and carriage bounced in response. Just when her caller, the Reverend Timothy Casey, was half expecting to see them all, mother, baby, and buggy, bounce out the window like stray tennis balls, the little lady came to an abrupt stop. With a ludicrous imitation of a frown on her smiling, dimpled face, she turned to the priest.

"Father, tell me, whatever shall I do? Christmas not a month away, and I haven't made a move to prepare for it. You know this is the first Christmas in our own home—last year we were in apartments—and I want Jack and baby to be so happy Christmas morning, and Jack to feel so proud when his friends drop in for a Christmas call and he says, 'This is my wife,' and, 'How do you like our home—cosy, isn't it?' There is nobody to whom I can go for advice. I know there are just hundreds of things to be done to prepare for Christmas. But what are they? How shall I do them? Where shall I begin? Oh, dear, I'm disconsolate. I'm distracted. I'm—"

Here baby gave a merry shriek and kicked up his pink heels. Nora broke into a glorious laugh and swooped down upon him with a volley of pet names and kisses that fairly took his breath away, and hers, too.

Father Casey took advantage of the momentary lull.

"You don't know how to make your preparation for Christmas? Why 'tis all mapped out for you—when to begin—what to do each day—with perfect order and sequence, right up to the moment the bells begin to ring to call you to the midnight Mass."

"Yes? Where?" she queried expectantly, her voice half smothered by baby's fluffy dress, while she labored to extricate her bobbed locks from his grip.

"In the Church's liturgy for the holy season of Advent," replied the priest.

He enjoyed the tone in which she cried, "Oh!" A moment later:

"I wasn't thinking about the pious part of it, but the decorations and the clothes and the dinner and the presents and all that, you know."

"These are all secondary matters. They lose their real charm and sweetness for those who, in their preparation for Christmas, fail to direct their principal attention to the principal purpose of the feast. This spiritual preparation is indispensable. Without it, Christmas will not be Christmas. Turkeys and tarts and trumpets and trees, without the Christmas spirit in the heart, will no more give Christmas gladness than a corpse propped up at the table, will make a merry banquet. The soul must be present to give life to the feast just as the soul must be present to give life to the body."

"I don't see how anybody can help having the Christmas spirit. I mean the true Christmas spirit—love for Jesus and His blessed Mother and piety and good will and all that. Why, it is in the air. We just breathe it in."

"We used to breathe it in, Nora. That is because the atmosphere used to be Christian. Unfortunately it has been gradually turning pagan. Nowadays, Christmas can come and go—banquets, visits, presents, and all—without so much as a thought of what Christmas really is. That is why positive and formal preparation is so much needed."

"That ought to be easy enough, Father. You say it is all mapped out."

"And so it is. Holy Mother Church is a good Mother. She wants all her children to have a happy Christmas. And so she helps them to make the preparation without which Christmas cannot be happy. She tells them when to begin, what to do, and how to do it."

"When should we begin to prepare for Christmas?"

"Four weeks before—the first day of Advent. Advent, you know, is a Latin word which means, the coming. It is the season when we are invited to turn our thoughts to the coming of Christ."

"What does the Church tell us to do during this season?"

The priest replied to this question by asking another:

"What is Christmas?"

"Our Lord's birthday," she answered, just as she used to answer his catechetical questions in school a few short years ago.

"Christmas," he said, "is a day set aside by the Church for a three-fold purpose. The first has reference to the past, the second to the present, the third to the future."

"What is that three-fold purpose?" asked Nora who, with all her volatility, was genuinely earnest regarding the affairs of her soul.

"First, to commemorate the coming of our Saviour into this world nineteen hundred and twenty-six years ago; secondly, to foster His coming into our hearts by divine grace and Holy Communion; thirdly, to remind us of His coming on the day of judgment."

"But the preparation? Remember you were going to tell me how to prepare for Christmas; you are telling about the feast itself."

"When you have a clear, definite understanding of the purpose of the feast, you will more readily perceive what preparation should be made for it. Christmas is set aside, first, to commemorate the coming of our Saviour into this world nineteen hundred and twenty-six years ago. Just as the world prepared for His coming by four thousand years of eager, longing and loving expectation, so we are to spend the four weeks of Advent doing the same. The liturgy of the Church does not merely tell us, in dry narrative, of the faithful who waited for the coming of Christ; no, it makes us place ourselves in their very midst, experience their loneliness, share in their longing, and cry out with them, day after day: 'Lord, stir up Thy power and come.' 'Come, Lord, Oh, do not delay.' 'Send down the dew, ye heavens from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened and bud forth the Redeemer.' This passionate pleading continues in the prayers of the Church every day of Advent until Christmas Eve, when she breaks forth into a note of triumphant certitude: 'Know ye today that the Lord will come, and on the morrow you shall behold His glory.' In the closing words of vespers, the evening prayer, she sings: 'Tomorrow the wickedness of earth will be blotted out, and over us the Saviour of the world will reign.' With these hope-inspiring words ringing in our ears, we await the midnight hour and the triumphant antiphon of Matins: 'Christus natus est nobis, venite adoremus, Christ is born to us, come, let us adore Him.'

Nora unconsciously hugged her baby closer as, with an understanding born of motherhood, she pictured that other Mother protecting her new-born Infant from the December cold.

"What a blessed feast," thought the priest, "is Christmas for a Christian mother!" Then he continued:

"Christmas is set aside, secondly, to foster the coming of Christ into our hearts by divine grace and Holy Communion. At the very

beginning of this holy period of preparation, the first Sunday of Advent, the Church requires us to read the Epistle of St. Paul: 'Knowing the season, that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we believed. The night is passed, the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurity, not in contention and envy; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.' In accordance with these strong, straightforward words, the Church expects her children to make the holy season of Advent a season of prayer and penance, of fasting and retirement from the pleasures of the world. In many ways these four weeks of preparation for Christmas resemble the forty days of preparation for Easter: the organ is not sounded, the priest wears the purple vestments of penance, the solemnization of marriage is forbidden, penitential sermons are preached, and worldly amusements are suspended. In some countries the pictures and statues are covered as during Passiontide and a strict fast prescribed. Lest we forget, this same salutary thought of the first Sunday of Advent is brought back to our mind again and again. The second Sunday we recite the prayer: 'Stir up our hearts, O Lord, to make ready the ways of Thine only-begotten Son, that by His coming we may be made worthy to serve Thee with purified minds.' The third Sunday we read once more from the Epistle of St. Paul: 'The Lord is nigh. Be nothing solicitous, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, keep your minds and hearts in Christ Jesus our Lord.' The fourth Sunday holy Church holds before us a vivid picture of John the Baptist crying in the wilderness: 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make straight His paths.'"

"You said Christmas has yet another signification. I have forgotten it."

"That is the third purpose for which the Church has set aside the feast of Christmas, namely, to remind us of Christ's coming on the day of judgment. This is the sobering thought with which we begin Advent. You will remember the Gospel of that day: 'There shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations by reason of the confusion of the roaring of

the sea and of the waves; men withering away from fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world; for the powers of heaven shall be moved, and then they shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with great power and majesty.'

"Advent means the coming," said the priest in conclusion, rising to depart. "It is a hallowed season, rich in divine gifts and priceless graces, when we lift ourselves above the narrow horizon of the things of sense and gaze upon the sublime truths which we know by faith, and guided by this wider and fuller and truer wisdom, we prepare ourselves for the three-fold coming of Christ: His first coming as a sweet Infant in the stable—His second coming as our divine food in Holy Communion—His final coming as our all-seeing Judge on the last day. Whoever prepares thus, as holy Church prescribes, is sure to have a happy Christmas."

The young mother stooped and kissed her sleeping babe.

"Pray, Father," she said, "that he will always have a happy Christmas."

SOMETIMES AN ASSET

The only son had just announced his engagement.

"What? That girl! She squints!" remarked his mother.

"She has absolutely no style!" added his sister.

"Red-headed, isn't she?" queried his aunt.

"I'm afraid she's fidgety," said grandma.

"She hasn't any money," put in his uncle.

"She doesn't look strong," exclaimed his first cousin.

"She's stuck up!" asserted his second cousin.

"She's an extravagant thing!" interposed his third cousin.

"Well, she's got one redeeming feature," said the son thoughtfully

"And what's that?" asked the family in chorus.

"She hasn't any relations," was the quiet reply.

"If men would be as diligent in the rooting out of vices and grafting in of virtues as they are in mooted questions, there would not be so many evils and scandals among the people."—*Imit.*

"I would rather feel compunction—sorrow for sin—than know how to define it."—*Imit.*

St. Alphonsus

APOSTLE OF VISITS TO THE EUCHARIST

REV. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.Ss.R.

At Naples, just two centuries ago, in whatever church the Forty Hours' Devotion was being conducted, a young cleric of ascetic mien and devout behaviour could frequently be seen kneeling before the Altar of Exposition. Hour after hour he would remain, silent and motionless, gazing with enraptured countenance on That which the gleaming monstrance encircled. If a stranger in the pleasure-loving city inquired of the sacristan the identity of the pious young man, he was told that this was Don Alphonsus de Liguori, a brilliant young lawyer, who had, however, recently renounced his profession because of a crushing legal defeat, and was now preparing for the priesthood. Perhaps the informant would imply, with an expressive Neapolitan gesture, that so sudden an exchange of a lucrative and distinguished legal practice for the indigence and obscurity of the clerical state, was an unmistakable sign of mental aberration. If he were a shrewder man, he might predict that Don Alphonsus, being endowed with remarkable ability, would surely attain to high ecclesiastical honors. But who would have ventured the prophecy that this young man, kneeling on the dusty pavement of a little church in Southern Italy, would one day be proclaimed a Saint and Doctor of the Church, in great measure because of his zeal in spreading unto the utmost bounds of the earth, devotion to the Holy Eucharist?

It is no exaggeration to say that the 60 years of St. Alphonsus' sacerdotal life were an uninterrupted apostolate of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. To enkindle in all hearts the fire of love for the Holy Eucharist—that was the all-absorbing passion of his life. His very first sermon was preached during the Quarant'Ore in the Church of San Giovanni, while he was still a deacon. So inspiring and fruitful was his discourse on the love of Our Eucharistic Lord, that he was at once besieged with invitations to preach the Devotion in other churches.

AS A MISSIONARY.

Alphonsus unstintingly spent the vigor of early manhood and middle age in the arduous work of giving missions. The principal scene of

his labors was the peninsula that forms the southern extremity of the Bay of Naples. In those picturesque cities and towns fringed by the azure beauty of the Tyrrhenian Sea, he preached with unflagging energy the truths that of old were proclaimed beside the rippling waters of Galilee's Lake. His words sank deep into the hearts of the simple fisherfolk of Amalfi and of the poor, ignorant shepherds of Scala and Ravello, and for the first time they learned to know and to love God. Elevated in his old age to the episcopate, Alphonsus persisted in the work of preaching, even when sickness and infirmity furnished a sufficient reason to dispense him from this laborious duty. And throughout all his sermons, like the oft-repeated theme of a grand symphony, recurred the fervent exhortation to love Jesus Christ dwelling amongst us in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar.

Among the Eucharistic devotions fostered by St. Alphonsus, the practice of frequently visiting the Blessed Sacrament was especially emphasized. The times sorely needed the propagation of this pious practice. The middle of the eighteenth century was suffering the climax of the widespread havoc that had been wrought to Catholicity by the fierce fanaticism of the Reformers, the scoffing cynicism of the materialists, and worst of all, by the insidious poison of Jansenius' cold creed. The light of faith was waning; the fire of love was dying. Unheeded, unknown, the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle abode in churches as vacant throughout the day as during the silent hours of the night. The heart of Alphonsus bled at the spectacle of such lamentable indifference toward his Beloved. He deplored the innumerable souls that were perishing because they would not come to drink of the unfailing Fount of Grace. He desired that all should share the heavenly light and the ecstatic joy that he himself experienced before the Altar. And so it became one of the principal aims of his apostolic labors to induce the faithful to make frequent and regular visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

The daily Eucharistic Visit was given a prominent place among the exercises of his mission. He himself conducted the devotion, animating the fervor of the congregation with ardent aspirations and pious hymns. Later on, as Bishop, Alphonsus was accustomed to have the cathedral bell rung at a stated hour every evening; and when the people were assembled, he would kneel in their midst and with them make a public visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The simple peasant folk of St. Agatha, gazing with admiration on their chief pastor, as he knelt

with glowing countenance fixed on the tabernacle, thanked God that He had given them a Saint for their Bishop. And gradually they came to realize that the half hour spent in the dim, old cathedral was a time of blessed peace, when the cares and sorrows of the day were forgotten and their dreary, sordid lives were brightened, and grace was poured into their souls in abundance from the Eucharistic Heart of Christ.

Potent as was his influence by example and by the spoken word, however, it was by the pen that Alphonsus was destined to exercise his most effective apostolate of Eucharistic devotion. His love for the August Mystery especially manifested itself in his little work entitled "Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament." The publication of this precious manual of devotion was, from a human standpoint, accidental. To provide the students of his Congregation with a systematic method for their daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the Saint had composed thirty-one prayers—one for each day of the month. The prayer proper to each day, prefaced by an unvarying introductory prayer and terminated by a Spiritual Communion, constituted the daily visit. Moreover, since the Mother is very near to her Son, Alphonsus had subjoined an equal number of brief visits to the Blessed Virgin Mary. A manuscript copy of these devotions fell into the hands of the Saint's father who was making a retreat in the Redemptorist Monastery at Ciorani. Realizing the excellence of the "Visits," he prevailed on his son to have them published, offering to pay the expenses out of his own purse. Accordingly, in 1745, the first edition appeared in Naples. In a few years the book had attained a widespread popularity in Italy, and hundreds of thousands of copies had been printed and sold in Naples, Palermo, Venice and Rome. The first German translation was published in 1757, the first French translation in 1772. Nowadays this masterpiece of devotional literature is found in practically every living language. One example of the extensive use of the "Visits" is the fact that during the century following the Saint's death more than one hundred editions were printed and sold in France alone. Popes have enriched the "Visits" with generous indulgences. The saintly Pius VII always had a copy on his priedieu. During the nocturnal adoration conducted in St. Peter's, Rome, by the present Sovereign Pontiff, in connection with the Eucharistic Congress of 1922, the introductory prayer of St. Alphonsus' "Visits" was publicly recited.

DECLARED A DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH.

In 1870, when St. Alphonsus was declared a Doctor of the Church, the following eulogy was bestowed upon the "Visits," by the Promoter of the Cause: "By this golden little book a new form of this most excellent and salutary devotion was introduced. Foolish indeed would he be who would maintain that our Alphonsus was the originator of the Visits to the Most August Sacrament. For this pious practice needs no teacher save a lively faith. But a peculiar merit of St. Alphonsus consists in this, that he reduced this most tender devotion to a certain form that is easy, convenient and handy for all the faithful, by assigning considerations from Holy Scripture, authorities of the Saints, fervent affections and ejaculatory prayers to each day of the month, and adding a Spiritual Communion, and lastly, a greeting to the Blessed Virgin Mary. That he supplied a real want and filled a void is proved by the applause and eagerness with which this little book of St. Alphonsus was everywhere hailed. Hence, also, translations were made into all the languages which the Latin Catholics speak, nay even into some Oriental languages, and particularly into the Arabic and Malabaric tongues. Excepting the "Imitation of Christ," very few books of this character will be found that, like the "Visits," were spread over the whole Catholic world in such a short space of time. For this reason, it is no wonder that the Visits to the Blessed Sacrament at the present time are numbered among the common practices of devotion, familiar to all the pious faithful. Therefore, just as the devotion of the Rosary is due to St. Dominic, the exercise of the Way of the Cross to the Sons of the Seraphic Francis, the Spiritual Exercises to Ignatius, so to our Alphonsus without a doubt is due the visiting of the Blessed Sacrament, in as far as it is a devotion cast in a form accessible to all and adapted to the common use."

THE "VISITS."

The "Visits" abound in sentiments of the most exalted spirituality. How sublime the resignation to God's Will expressed in the following words: "Do all that Thou wilt in me and with me; I unite myself entirely to Thy Will, which is all holy, all good, all beautiful, all perfect, all loving. O Will of God, how dear art thou to me!" ("Visit" 10.) The ardent desire to make reparation to Jesus for the neglect and insults He receives from mankind appears in the earnest wish:

"Oh, could I, my sweet Saviour, but wash with my tears, or even with my blood, those places where Thy love and Thy enamored Heart have been outraged!" ("Visit" 24.) The tender love of the Saint's own heart for his Sacramental Lord manifests itself in the fervent phrases: "O God, present in this most Holy Sacrament, O Bread of Angels, O heavenly Food, I love Thee! But Thou art not, neither am I, satisfied with my love. I love Thee, but I love Thee too little. * * * I love Thee with my whole soul, I love Thee with all my affections. If Thou art graciously pleased to make me a return for this love, increase my love; render its flame more ardent, that thus I may always love Thee more, and desire more and more to please Thee!" ("Visit" 18.) And yet, intermingled with such sublime sentiments is a naïve simplicity—a childlike familiarity with Our Divine Lord, whom the Saint tells us to approach, not with fear as to a king upon his throne, but with the unrestrained freedom of intimate friendship." ("Visits" 10, 31.)

The reward bestowed by God on Alphonsus for his zealous apostolate of the Eucharistic visit was that which the Saint himself desired—an ever-increasing love for the Mystery of the Altar. As the years passed by, his longing to be in the presence of his *Gesu Sacramentato* grew more intense. Even when crippled by age and sickness, he would have himself carried to the church, and there he would remain for long hours before the Tabernacle, rapt in ecstatic adoration. What miracles of grace transpired there in the silence of the sanctuary, while Heart spoke to heart, and love welded into one the Divine and the human!

Almost a century and a half has passed since "day broke and the shadows retired" for Alphonsus de Liguori, and he went from the obscurity of faith into the beautiful vision of his Beloved. But the fruits of his zeal still flourish in the Church of God. The marvelous power of his writings still continue to lead souls to the Tabernacle, where they "taste and see that the Lord is sweet." May the practice of the daily Visits prevail more and more among Christians of every age and social condition! May many hearts be moved by the frequent exhortation of St. Alphonsus in the Introduction to the "Visits": "Make a trial of this devotion, and the interior consolation and spiritual profit which you will derive from it will abundantly repay you. Be assured that the time which you spend in the presence of Jesus Christ will procure you the richest graces during life and the sweetest consolations at the hour of your death."

Maggy

III. CHARRING THE WOOD

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Then she got another idea. She asked to be allowed to prepare the younger children for their first Holy Communion. She would gather them after her class work was done in order to instruct them in the catechism. When she found them ready, she herself led them to the altar. Then she was radiant.

"This is the bouquet I offer to Jesus," she would say.

"Must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?" asks Francis Thompson, in the Hound of Heaven. This seems to characterize the next period in Maggy's life: she strove for the complete submersion of self—not in a Buddhistic sense—but in the service of souls.

She exemplified in her work the principle given by St. Paul: "Piety is useful for all things." Both she and her pupils profited by it. As they gradually acquired piety there became evident among them those very qualities that educators find wanting so often, and the want of which they so loudly deplore in the youth of today: obedience, submission to authority, docility, spirit of work, the secret of utilizing time fruitfully.

As for Margaret, her work of teaching was at one and the same time her cross, the offering of her love, and the instrument of her apostolate. Conscientious even to scrupulousness, her only failing seems to have been that she overdid things; for she was never satisfied with her preparation for her classes, though she worked at her lessons till far, far into the night.

But her vacations? She knew none, in our modern sense of the word. These, like the evenings after school, she spent in doing what is styled "social settlement work," but which to her was simply love. She went from house to house canvassing the poorer quarters to win recruits for her school. With characteristic tenacity of purpose she talked to the parents until she prevailed on them to send their children to the Catholic school.

This canvass brought striking revelations. She saw at close range the poverty of the homes of this neglected people and caught a glimpse of the miseries, both physical and moral, under which they lived. It

went to her heart and at once she resolved to be a Sister of Charity to them. Soon she could be seen in these dingy byways loaded with bundles containing clothing and food. At the same time, by her kindly and tactful words, she prevailed on parents and children to go back to the church which they had not seen for years and to the frequentation of the Sacraments which they had neglected completely. Yet this was only a prelude to the great apostolate she was to undertake. But already the fruits of her work were remarkable.

"There goes my third assistant," her pastor was wont to say, pointing to Maggy.

Meanwhile her brother Martial had received the habit of St. Francis. Maggy thereupon joined the Third Order. On Christmas day, 1913, she went to see her brother, who was then at the convent at Turnhout.

"What must I do now?" she asked, for she seems to have submitted herself entirely to his guidance. "Isn't it about time that I begin to think of going to the convent?"

Martial questioned her in regard to her doings and especially her union with God. Though Maggy's replies were colored by her deep humility, the young Franciscan could not help wondering at the progress she had made in the spiritual life. Here was a soul that in the midst of, and despite ceaseless and absorbing activities, was able still to live for Jesus and even with Jesus, which is so much more difficult. Seeing this, Martial felt that he could safely point the way toward even greater self-sacrifice.

"You go to the convent? No. You are strong enough to renounce yourself in the midst of freedom—to fashion for yourself a yoke heavier even than that of a religious rule. Later on we shall see about the convent. In the end, no doubt, I shall send you. For the present, however, continue to die; ask new sufferings, new ways of submission; take up a life that will completely absorb your freedom, your inclinations, your likes, till nothing of yourself belongs to you—yes, till, everything being given up, self-love will die for want of nourishment."

It was counsel that would have terrified a weaker soul. It did not frighten Margaret in the least.

"I have heard speak of 'victim souls,'" she replied. "What do they mean by that? Isn't that just what you are proposing to me?"

"Precisely," said Martial. "A victim soul is a soul so full of love for Our Lord that, seeing Him on the Cross, it is so deeply touched

that it cannot bear to see Him suffer alone, but wishes to be crucified with Him. It is a soul so generous that, knowing that man must fulfill in himself, to use the words of St. Paul, what is wanting of the Passion of Christ, it offers itself to the heavenly Father as a holocaust for all men. It is a soul that, by reason of its zeal and love, has become as desirous of suffering as others are of pleasures, and whose joy is to suffer with Christ and for Him."

Margaret was silent. Perhaps she did not grasp the practical implications of this. Martial showed her.

"Try," he said, "to find a new apostolic work to do, a work so absorbing, so hard, so ungrateful, that it will take up all your time so that you will have no leisure for yourself. You must renounce every pleasure, every desire, every thought which is not solely for Him—you must be swallowed up in Him."

Margaret left silent, but not sad; far from it; she was resolved. It did not take her long to find a charge, absorbing at once and devoid of all human satisfaction. It was the work among the Flemish of Liege.

Here we have the plot of a story altogether different from that of the stories ordinarily dished up to readers. It, too, is the story of a quest, a love story, but—how different!

IV. TILL HE COULD LIMN WITH IT.

Maggy's life, if it be compared with a painting, recalls to mind the crowded canvases of the olden masters.

Liege, a Walloon (French) city in Belgium, has a population of some fifty thousand Flemish speaking inhabitants. These immigrants, as they may be called, are for the most part laborers in the mines, in factories or on the railways. Confined as they are with their mostly large families in sorry homes that are much too small, and speaking only their Flemish dialect, they are practically at the mercy of every conscienceless exploiter. Under pretext of defending the interests of these people, these exploiters saddle them with socialism and turn them from their religion, which is made out to be the cause of all their woes.

In order to help these unfortunates, the Redemptorists and the Franciscans labored to form them into organizations, with their own Mass, their own services, their own sermons, with a hall, a library, and a mutual insurance society. They managed to get together a few hundred. These, encouraged by their union, resumed their religious

duties and piety which they had abandoned on coming from their homes to the city.

However, to recruit new members and to broaden the activities of these organizations was no easy matter, and even to keep those who had joined—apart from a small nucleus of faithful souls—demanded constant efforts. The apostolate among these laborers, in a word, required daily self-sacrifice and devotion.

Margaret's parents lived just opposite the Franciscan church. The Father who at that time was director of the work for the Flemish, had served for six years in that capacity with admirable devotion to his duty. He could be seen day by day going through the rising streets of the Flemish quarter with bundles under his arms and papers sticking out of his pockets. He was surprised, all at once, to find that some unknown person was helping him. The families he visited spoke to him with marked esteem and affection of a certain young lady who had visited them. They called her Maggy.

One evening, in seven different homes, he heard the same story—that Maggy had passed that very day. Mystified and wondering, he made inquiries as to who this angel of charity might be. It was not long before he traced her: it was Margaret Lekeux. This gave him an idea. He needed a choir director for the work. He went to Margaret's mother about it.

"Do you think," he asked, "that I could propose this new task to Margaret without abusing her already absorbing devotion to the work?"

"I don't know how she could find time for the work, poor girl," replied the mother, not as if she resented her daughter's charitable efforts, but merely as stating a fact. "She works so hard as it is for her classes, her children and her poor."

But when Margaret heard that evening of the Father's request, she went at once to offer her services. She entered heart and soul into the project and by that opened new avenues for apostolic effort.

It was a very difficult apostolate, it must be admitted, and one peculiarly ungrateful. For weeks and months, Margaret, who knew only a few phrases in Flemish, went from house to house through the quarter, trying to win recruits for her choir. She stopped all whom she met talking Flemish on the streets and invited them to join.

"We don't know how to sing," most of them objected.

"No matter," replied the girl. "Come anyway; we'll teach you."

If they only come, she thought, we can get them interested in the work and make good Christians of them again.

But it was not so easy. Even the poor whom she visited with aid refused her pleading. Only a few came. Those that did come, after long coaxing, gave her untold trouble and made her pay dearly for the little help they gave. But, as the author of the *Imitation* says: "Love is capable of all things, because it believes all things possible." At the end of some months her choir counted seventy members and among them a number of former socialists.

By this time Margaret would seem to have overburdened herself with work. There were her daily classes in school, the catechism instructions, the visits to the homes of the poor, and oft-repeated visits to various bureaus and committees to secure work for some poor client or a pension for another. And late at night, while the rest of the world lay asleep, when fatigue weighed heavily on her already exhausted body, Margaret sat at her table copying music for her choir, sometimes working till three o'clock in the morning.

How in the world, one is tempted to ask, could she, with all this work, do justice to her profession as teacher?

The best answer to this question must be the remark made by the Inspector of Schools to the superintendent of the school in which Margaret taught.

"You have one perfect teacher here," he said after his inspection; "it is Mademoiselle Lekeux."

Margaret evidently was not one of those nervous, feverish busybodies who dip their hands into a hundred side-tasks only to neglect their main professional duties. There was one thing that gave her poise and calm and enabled her to take care of all these various occupations, and that was, that she did all for the love of Jesus. And the Divine Master blessed her work. That was her rallying point.

Indeed, after a beginning that was very laborious and discouraging, Margaret reaped an abundant harvest of souls. In the wretched homes she came to in her daily visitations, she perceived how little by little the sweet charity of Christ unfolded like a flower from heaven. Every Sunday new converts came to swell the ranks of her beloved Flemish. Soon the Franciscan Church was too small to hold the crowds. Two hundred chairs had to be procured and placed in every nook and corner, to supply a place for the factory-hands, miners, and their wives and children, who crowded into the church.

On certain feast days general communions were organized. For many, both of the men and women, these occasions started them on their return to a regular practice of their religious duties.

Margaret extended her conquests over souls day by day. It is hard in so brief a sketch to give an idea of her achievements. Suffice it to say that at the time of her death the work among the Flemish was flourishing with a marvelous vitality and reached fourteen hundred families. What is perhaps more wonderful still, the heroic girl knew how to communicate her apostolic zeal and her enthusiasm to those around her, especially to the members of her choir and to her pupils. Thus she secured perpetuity for the work.

In November of 1915 the Franciscan Fathers preached a mission in the neighborhood of Liege, at Glain. The first night, for the Flemish service, the church, despite the zealous efforts of the clergy, was almost empty. The pastor was so discouraged he thought of giving up. But one of the missionaries got a happy idea: he told Margaret about it. That was enough.

At once she set to work and accompanied by some of her school children, she visited every Flemish family in the parish. When evening came, the church was packed. Maggy was there with her choir and they sang their best. The mission proved a thorough success. From that time on, her choir assisted at every mission given in the vicinity and always with the same good results.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOOD RULE

"It has come to me as a good rule," says a successful business man, "not to believe anything against another unless it is confirmed, and even then, when it is an assured fact, my rule is not to repeat it.

"I cannot hold other people's tongues, and it has taken me a long time to get control of my own tongue. But it can be done!

"And it is well worth while! If for no other reason—it saves a lot of time."

"The poor and humble in spirit pass their life in abundance and peace."—*Imitation*.

And Now They Whisper Saint

CHAP. I. THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

C.Ss.R.

"If thou art rich, thou art poor.
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but for a journey,
And death unloads thee."—*Shakespeare.*

The silvery jingle of laughing sleighbells. The soft swishing music of shining runners skimming over the hard-packed snow. That was what you heard. What you saw—when the handsome equipage swerved round the corner—was plunging horses, swaying postilion, magnificent limousine-sleigh. That flash of red on the panel was the royal arms of Bohemia. Had you followed the racing vehicle with your eye you might have wondered a little to see it draw up before the massive gates of the Seminary. A tall footman blazing in scarlet sprang from his lofty perch in the rear, snapped open the glossy door, and stood stiffly at attention. Out stepped three grave gentlemen in rich fur coats, and entered the solemn, silent building.

Just one hour later the stately Rector of the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Prague was humbly bowing the impressive strangers out. That courtesy very meekly discharged, he turned not so meekly to the young cleric at his side. "Neumann," he snapped, "there goes your future—like that!" and with a snap of his fingers he strode off. "Neumann" did not reply—but he was smiling quite serenely for a youth who had just blasted his future—for a youth who had let Opportunity blister his knuckles at his door and then sent him off with a frosty "Not at home." Absently, Neumann watched the fur coated gentlemen settle themselves in the enclosed sleigh. One of them gazing fixedly at him, threw up his hands in a gesture that was meant to label Neumann as number one million, seven hundred and forty-three thousand, two hundred and nine of life's insoluble mysteries. Then the postilion cracked his whip and the sleigh sped away—with his future, smilingly mused the cassocked young man, as he thought of the Rector. Prosperity, you see, had just called, begging to fill Neumann's pockets with yellow gold, and he had practically called for a needle and thread to sew them up. Renown had just offered him a pinnacle and a spotlight and Neumann had smilingly nodded him away.

That was why the Rector had spoken so bluntly of Neumann's future. That was why the gentleman in the sleigh had delivered himself of his despairing gesture. That was why this same pompous individual was even now addressing his fur-coated companions in terms not at all flattering to young Neumann. "The poor simpleton," he was rattling on, "here we visit him, delegates of the Bohemian government, and lay at his feet a tempting offer like this—the Secretariat of an important Embassy—imagine it! And what does he do? Refuses it as casually as though I had offered him a cigar. I wouldn't mind if accepting the post meant leaving the sanctuary; but it doesn't. It means a liberal income; a place in the public eye. It means he could spend his days strutting about in a fine cassock, reading his office from a gilt-edged Breviary. Yes, and some fine morning, he might make his appearance garbed in a Monsignor's purple. More than that. With all his learning—they say he is *very* learned—he might cast hopeful eyes on a cathedral pulpit, and perhaps become the fashionable preacher of his day. And to give up all this for—for what did he say?"

"Oh," answered another, "something about America—endless plains, thick forests, scattered Catholics, no priests, and all that. Said he knew English, and was going to America where priests were needed far more than here. Of course he's right, there; but to turn down such a glittering offer—and say, did you notice how he smiled when he refused? I don't know, but he flashed a look at me that actually made me pity myself—court life and all."

"Oh bother how he looked," interrupted the first. "The point is the young fool refused the office. Well, let him go to America. Let him lose himself in its forests or in its cities. The world won't go after him on its knees pleading with him to come back. But I know if I were Neumann and had his gifts, I'd manage to let the City of Prague know about it. No American wilderness for me. Bring your talents to market, and take home gold and fame. That's business. This talk about a hidden life is all rank nonsense."

The world had spoken. There in that whistling sleigh it had sat in judgment on John Nep. Neumann and solemnly pronounced the culprit insane. Harmless, but insane. And the world lifted its icy eyebrows, tapped its forehead significantly, and hopelessly shook its head. Poor deluded fool!

You and I know that the world hasn't changed. If they smiled at

Neumann in 1835, they would be holding their sides today. If quaint Bohemia thought him worthy of cap and bells, present-day America would simply despair of him. If to hide one's self and one's talents were folly then, it were criminal today. There is only one unpardonable sin in the twentieth century—self-suppression. Publicity is the watchword of the Age. Advertising is Queen of the Arts. The Press Agent is become Oracle to the wide world. "Who's Who" is the Book of Life. "Here I am, look at me!" screams at you from the flaring billboard, blinks at you from the blinding electric sign, leaps at you from the gaudy magazine, and stops you in your tracks from the newspaper's trumpeting three-inch type. If you *have* anything, advertise. If you *are* anything, get a Press Agent. Broadcast your deeds, your doings, your will do's!

So poor Neumann, who laughed at fame, prominence, distinction, is hopelessly behind the age. For instance, he was fool enough to think that a hidden life lived for God will mean a glorious life hereafter. He was possessed by the strange notion that if time were weighed in the balance with eternity, time would go bouncing off. He was haunted by the groundless fear that one day his body would be nailed up in a coffin, and his soul would appear before a Most Just Judge, and in that hour all the world's gold and all its praises would mean—nothing. And most incredible of all, he lived what he believed. He branched off from the world's beaten path at a sheer right angle. He turned the world's maxims upside down, pulled its policies inside out. The world likes noise, the world likes romance, the world likes the new, the strange, the startling. This man lived his life without making any noise, without creating much of a stir, without doing anything startling. Coolly, deliberately, he chose a hidden life.

Neumann was not the saint of the story book. You know the type. Halo, ecstasy, rolling eyes, hands crossed on breast, God-help-us all! Neumann never answered to that description. Not at all. He was a very prosaic, short, well-set man whom you might pass in the street without a second glance. He is not a medieval figure, but a modern one. When the sonorous periods of Webster were ringing through the American Senate, Neumann, an unknown priest, was standing under the rafters of a wilderness chapel, flamingly preaching the Cross of Christ. When the Covered Wagons were lumbering Westward over a trail whose milestones were heaps of bleaching bones—when the East

was rushing to the West at the news of fabulous gold-beds, Neumann was rushing away from gold by a plighted vow of poverty. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin," best seller of the fifties, lay on the table of every northern home, Neumann's Catechism was open on the desks of thousands of school children. When the North was measuring swords with the South before a conflict that was to litter battlefields with corpses in blue and corpses in gray, made brothers by the fatal badge of red—Neumann, a Captain of Christ, was holding a sector 35,000 miles square and daily bringing back souls that had seceded from God and Heaven. Bishop Neumann lived near enough to our own day to have baptized your father. Isn't that modern enough?

Best of all, Bishop Neumann, as saints go, is very simple and very ordinary—and therefore very appealing. Anyone who expects to meet in these pages the cruel penances of a St. Peter of Alcantara, the breath-taking miracles of a St. Gerard Majella, the honeyed eloquence of a St. Bernard of Clairvaux, had better lay this unassuming life aside and search out a more pretentious biography with a more glittering career between its covers, and more brilliant episodes sprinkling its pages. Ours is a simpler tale and a humbler hero. We cannot spirit you back to a rich Old World cathedral with the soft light streaming through colorful Gothic windows, and point out our saint motionless in mid air, wrapped in seraphic contemplation. When Neumann prayed his knees pressed flat against the floor. We cannot show you him laying a healing hand on slowly rotting lepers that rise at his bid with the laggard blood tingling through their veins and the fresh bloom of health radiant on their cheeks. The only lepers Neumann ever healed were poor wretches hideous with the loathsome leprosy of sin—and these he was always healing, sending them forth with souls whiter than the sifting snows. We cannot show you our saint as a cowled monk copying musty tomes in an old candle-lit library. All we can show you is a weary priest writing all the night long by yellow lamplight till the prying morning sun peeks over his shoulder and sees he has been working on that Catechism again—a precious little book that passed through eighteen editions before its author was laid in the tomb.

So there you are. Not a marvelous story, but a homely one. Few breathless thrills; many human appeals. A simple study in black and white, and not a riot of romantic color is the only true picture that can be sketched of John Nepomucene Neumann. He is quite an ordinary

saint for ordinary people. To such people who live an every-day, uneventful, hidden life; who find it hard to drag on day after day doing ordinary duties; who never see a new star blaze upon their horizon; who sometimes grow weary with the monotony of being good; who find today's life the echo of yesterday's and every day the same old grind in the same old groove—to such people we offer this tale of Venerable John Neumann—a life of hard work, keen suffering, constant sacrifice, and unassuming sanctity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Benediction Hymns

A COMMENTARY

T. N.—C.Ss.R.

Millions of Catholics who attend Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament many times in the course of the year, and hear the sweet strains of the "O Salutaris" and the "Tantum Ergo," are touched indeed by the solemn simplicity of the incomparable hymns, but have no idea of the meaning of their words. Both the "O Salutaris" and the "Tantum Ergo" are the final stanzas of longer poems written by the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas of Aquin, namely, of the hymns "Verbum Supernum Prodiens," and "Pange Lingua." The translations given here are from the gifted pen of Father Caswall.

"O Salutaris Hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium."

"O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gates of Heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow."

"O salutaris hostia"—"Oh salutary host," or "Oh, saving victim." The very first line is one of address to the Blessed Sacrament, and at once reminds us of the Holy Mass, in which the Bread becomes the Blessed Sacrament, and our Saviour repeats the Sacrifice of the Cross,

in order to bring to us, 1900 years from Calvary, the salvation He there purchased for us at so great a price.

"*Quae coeli pandis ostium*"—(O Victim), "that openest (pandis) the door (ostium) of Heaven (coeli)." Heaven was closed against mankind before Calvary, and our Victim has unlocked its door by means of the key of the Cross. Heaven is often closed to us now, far away, unknown, not desired, making no appeal, out of sight and out of mind. But the Blessed Sacrament opens Heaven to us, because it gives us Him, "who forms of Heaven the light and bliss, and makes this world a Heaven to be."

"*Bella premunt hostilia*." "Hostile assaults (bella) are pressing (us)." Every day and every waking hour brings its burden of trial and sorrow. Every one here before the Blessed Sacrament has his or her warfare against the unceasing attacks of that powerful Triple Alliance, that presses heavy upon all the brothers and sisters of the man, Christ Jesus.

"*Da robur, fer auxilium*"—"Give strength, bring help." "*Da robur*"—give us that strength of will that we require, in order to build up within us a sturdy character by daily exercise in virtue, that we may be well drilled in horror of sin, and be firm to resist evil, and strong to do the right as God gives us to see the right, "*Fer auxilium*"—yes, besides this permanent strength of character, bring to us at the moment of conflict, when the soul is torn by civil war, and darkness hides Thy face, then do Thou please "bring" aid. We beg Thee, not merely to "send" it, but to come Thyself with aid, that we may feel Thy presence then as we feel Thy nearness now—"F*er auxilium*," especially when Thou comest in Holy Communion, do Thou then bring us the graces we need to carry us safely through our wars unto the next Holy Communion. And thanks, many thanks, for allowing us to receive Thee so frequently.

"*Uni trinke Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria;
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.*"

"To Thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three;
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land, with Thee."

"Uni trinoque Domino"—"To the one and triune Lord." "To the one Lord," the one God, the "unknown God" of the Athenians, who before the coming of this Bread from Heaven was so little known upon His own earth, and so horribly misrepresented in the vile pagan idols; "to the triune Lord," the one Divine Nature in the Three Holy Persons, and to each of these Persons, who in Himself is God and entirely God, the Three being but One God. And yet the three are here in the Blessed Sacrament, for where the Son is, there also is the Father, and there also is the Holy Ghost, for these Three are One.

But since only the Son of God was personally made Man, and it is His human nature, there under the form of Bread, we usually speak of His Presence only, that of the other Two Persons being understood. "To the Lord," that is, to our absolute Master and Owner, for He is all of that. He created us, and when we had fled from His service and fallen into captivity, He bought us back at a great price. And as we are lowly members of His mystical Body, the Church, of which He is the Head, He should dominate our lives and we should obey every wish of His.

"Sit sempiterna gloria"—"Be everlasting glory." This is an act of love of God, of purest love of God, by which we rejoice in His grandeur and happiness, and wish Him all the glory and homage of all Angels and Saints, and especially of His own dear Mother, through all the endless ages of eternity, our only regret being that we cannot do more, and offer Him this praise and adoration every moment of our lives.

"Qui vitam sine termino"—"Who (giveth) life without end." What else is this life promised to us, but the Blessed Sacrament unveiled, revealed? For is not He "the Way, the Truth and the Life?" To whom shall we go, if not to Him who has the words of eternal life? For this is eternal life, to know Thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. Then we shall know Him even as He knows us, and we shall possess Him forever—without an end to our bliss. How empty and agonizing to possess Him, Life, and to know we must lose Him again. Such life could not be happy, overclouded by the fear of losing Him, whom we shall then love as we should love Him, being freed from the allurements of earthly beauty, which are only the faintest images and tracings of His own infinite loveliness.

"Nobis donet in patria"—"giveth to us in our fatherland"—"Nobis"

—"to us," sinful human beings that we are, sorry mixtures of angel and brute, at times a little lower than the angels in thought and sentiment, and again a little lower than the brute in violating our Maker's law; we are to be the fellow-citizens of the spotless legions of Heaven's inhabitants; to us is to be given the burning vision of the living God. "Donet"—"Giveth," a free and generous gift, rather than a reward, for if we attain our goal, it will only be the triumph of His own grace in His own creature, and He has taught us to say, after we have done all that He has commanded us, that we are but unprofitable servants, and we have but done what we were obliged to do. "In patria"—"in our fatherland." And how can we dare speak of Heaven as our fatherland? Because it is the land of our Father, God; for every soul comes directly from Him, and belongs to Him, and should return to Him in Heaven. "Thou hast made us for Thyself," said the great Augustine, "and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

THE STRANGERS MEET

One day the King of Kings took it into his head to give a banquet in his palace of azure, says a Russian parable.

All the virtues were invited.

There were a great many of them, great and small. The lesser virtues were more agreeable and genial than the great ones; but they all appeared in good humor and chatted amiably together, as was only becoming for relatives and friends.

But the King noticed two charming young ladies who seemed to be totally unacquainted.

He gave one of the ladies his arm and led her up to the other.

"Beneficence," he said, indicating the first.

"Gratitude," he added, indicating the second.

Both the virtues were amazed beyond expression; ever since the old world had stood, and it had been standing a long time, this was the first time they had met.

"It is a part of wisdom not to believe everything men say, nor straightaway to pour into the ears of others what we have heard or believed."—*Imitation*.

Play Square

CHAP. VIII. ON AN UNFAIR FIELD. (Cont.)

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

The game was being played on the Polo Grounds, scene of many a battle in which Wynn had played a leading role. Never in all his career had he been called upon to summon to his aid so much of courage and sheer will-power as today demanded, if he was to do justice to the task in hand. Gritting his teeth, murmuring a prayer, he waved his hand and Fordham's cohorts fell into position, to await the signal that meant to them victory or the dismal dashing of all their hopes.

As the teams faced each other a hush fell on the assembled crowd. More than sixty thousand blasé New Yorkers had gathered in the Polo Grounds to witness the struggle. New York wanted to see what a team, coached by a Giant pitcher would do against Columbia, which had hitherto garnered all the championship football laurels New York could claim. Before the teams took their places the rival stands had cheered lustily. The Columbia steam-whistle cheer: C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A rendered with the sound of an express train picking up speed, had been vigorously answered by Fordham's siren call: Fordham rah-rah-rah-team-team-team. But now the cheers were hushed. Players dug cleated shoes firmly in the ground, ready for the moment when the pigskin, hurtling from the mighty toe of Fordham's fullback, Dinan, should send them off eager to pull down a runner or aid him on his way as the exigencies of the game demanded.

The whistle blew. Dinan sent the ball spiralling to Columbia's ten yard line where it was cleanly caught by Lauer, Columbia's left half-back. He ran the ball back thirty-four yards by a series of dodges and reversed-field tactics. He was downed hard and clean at last by Talley. The mere fact that Talley, the supposedly "weak sister" of Fordham's team, had tackled, heartened the players and her rooters alike and a vociferous: "Talley-Talley-Talley" boomed from the stands.

The team settled down to the work of the first quarter and it seemed that the game depended on courage, clean, hard play and determination for its outcome. Then it must end in a tie. For, both teams, in the first minutes of play, displayed gilt-edged football. Gooth

hit the Maroon and Gold left guard and picked up four yards. Schmitt found a hole at left tackle and ran thirteen yards for the first down on Columbia's forty-nine yard line. Again Gooth hit left guard and went through for a five-yard gain. York, Fordham's left guard, and Neale, the left tackle, were both shedding tears of vexation as they picked their way out of this scrimmage and their clenched hands boded no good for their opponents should Columbia, deeming theirs the weak spot in the line, dare to try again. Mooney, Columbia's quarter, evidently had not seen the look in the eyes of the pair and he sent Schmitt hurling himself at left tackle again. This time there was no hole—except in Columbia's line, and York grinned as he picked himself from Schmitt's prostrate form, having thrown the giant for a thirteen-yard loss. A forward pass, Kealy to Glynn, was incomplete. It was fourth down and seven yards to go. Mooney dropped back and punted; the ball being grounded on Fordham's nine yard line.

It was Fordham's turn now and on the very first play Dinan broke loose and ran wide around right end to Columbia's forty-three yard line before he was downed. On a fake double-pass Mosher crashed through center for five yards. Mosher was again good for a yard at center. Briggs was repulsed at right tackle. Talley elected to carry the ball himself and fumbled as he hit right guard. Mooney pounced on the rolling ball and was downed on his own thirty-nine yard line.

A groan went up from the stands. The expected had happened; Talley, the nervous, had fumbled. But Fordham's players buckled down gamely and held Columbia. On the fourth down Mooney dropped back preparatory to a punt, but York broke through and blocked the kick and Neale, his partner in arms, recovered the ball. When the whistle shrilled, the ball and Neale lay on Columbia's thirteen-yard line. A beautiful forward, Mosher to Briggs, put the ball on Columbia's four yard line. Dinan made it a first down on Columbia's three yard line, by a yard gain at center. Then Talley crashed through center and scored the first touchdown.

First blood for Fordham, and yet there was not the elation among her adherents that there should have been. Something was wrong. Even the team was nervous, and Dinan who had a record of twenty-six straight successful tries for point after touchdown, booted the ball and it struck the uprights. "Dear Lord! If Brawley were only here!" murmured Dinan as he prepared to kick off again and glimpsed out of

the corner of his eye. Talley was nervously kicking up the turf with the toe of his shoe.

Desperation held Columbia scoreless till the end of the period. Fordham's tackles were fierce and hard. On defense, so far, she was flawless, but the heavier Columbia eleven was wearing down the lighter men from Fordham. On attack Fordham was nowhere. At times the team opened up, but when it did there was not the brilliance that had signalized its work in former games. The double-pass, a triple-pass, a double-pass and then a forward was a combination of plays that had made Fordham famous in the large scores it had piled up. But these plays were now slow and loggy and fumbles marred them at times and Columbia seemed to have no difficulty in solving them. Two pony backs, Mosher and Briggs, were there for just that sort of work, but the quarterback, nervous and jumpy, telegraphed the plays and Columbia allowed them to get nowhere.

In the second quarter it was apparently all Columbia's game. Fordham played desperately, but Columbia was imbued with a confidence that would not be stayed and under the cool and collected generalship of Mooney, at quarter, marched steadily down the field for a touchdown. Then to cap it all, in the last minute of play in the first half, Talley fumbled again; lithe, panther-like Mooney picked up the ball, evaded Dinan, twisted and writhed from the grasp of Neale and sped over the line unhindered after a ninety-five yard run for Columbia's second touchdown, though he failed on his second as he had failed also on his first try for goal.

Weary and disheartened the Fordhamites retired to their dressing rooms only to be greeted by a cheery smile from Wynn and the other coaches. "I'm proud of you—boys; you did your best." This was Wynn's only comment as he set about to examine the injuries.

Meanwhile, in the stands Fordham defiantly exchanged cheers with Columbia; and Columbia adherents, like good sportsmen, stilled their jubilation long enough to cheer heartily for Fordham and Fordham, not to be outdone, cheered just as loudly for Columbia. Columbia's band marched over and saluted Fordham and Fordham's band was about to do the same for their rivals when an interruption occurred that broke up the files of the band which was just falling gracefully into line to form the letter "C". A warning shout was heard. The police, with sticks drawn, hurriedly drove the band and all the others

on the field back—close to the stands, ere the cops or anyone else dared peep aloft to witness the crazy careenings of an aeroplane that had swept over the field, just barely missing the stands—and was now mounting aloft.

"Some crazy war-bird trying to thrill the crowd," quoth the captain in charge of the police. "He'll get himself a fine in court if he's identified. Might kill someone in this crowd—though it would be small loss if he killed himself."

"He's no army man," remarked Officer Clarke, who had been in the aviation service. "First, that's no army plane; second, he has no uniform but only an old orange sweater; third, he's too much under size for a soldier."

"Gee! You saw a lot in a few seconds, didn't you, Clarke?" asked his captain sarcastically.

"Had to, when I was watching the Jerry planes from the cockpit of one of ours," said Clarke saluting.

"Fer the huvva Mike—Cap, look out!" he yelled in excitement, forgetting the rank of his superior. "That dern fool's coming back—and—and—I believe he's gonna try and land."

That was evidently just what the occupant of the plane intended to do. He sagged down, more forcefully than gracefully; tipped a wing of his plane expertly and hit the field near the stands. He taxied, with more than ordinary skill, the length of the field and brought his plane to a stop by bumping against the right field bleachers with a force that dented the nose of the plane, but left the pilot grinning.

The stands gasped. "Those daredevil stunts by foolish college boys ought to be stopped," angrily muttered a staid banker who had been scared half stiff by the antics of the plane. The diminutive pilot, unconcerned, climbed out of his plane, only to feel the heavy hand of Officer Clarke on his shoulder.

"You are under arrest for endangering the lives of the public," sternly said the minion of the law aloud. Then he whispered—sotto voce—"But, kid, you sure got plenty of nerve. That was a peach of a landing."

"All right—all right," muttered the pilot, clad only in khaki trousers, sneakers and a vivid orange sweater, "pinch me if you want. 'Tain't the first time I was grabbed. But—hey—before you run me to the wagon—fer the huvva Mike—help me get my passenger out of this machine."

"Passenger!" ejaculated Clarke, letting go of the arm of the pigmy.

"Yep. What do you think I got in there—booze?" queried the pigmy. "I got him all covered with blankets. Didn't want him to get nervous at being so high up, or to catch cold. So I strapped him under blankets. He's not sick though. Believe me, that kid can scrap. See that eye?" and the midget pointed to an optic that was closed completely by a livid black and blue welt. "Well, I got that—and went down for the count, too, trying to get the kid out of a mess. Then he pitched in and helped. Between us we licked three guys, twice our size. But—hey—this ain't no time for bedtime stories. Help me get him out." And the midget, assisted by Clarke, proceeded to loosen straps and ropes.

Ere they had finished their task the teams came trotting out on the field and the spectators turned to the players once more and ignored the plane. Not so the captain of police.

"Clarke, get that man out of here quick—and move that plane behind the ropes or you'll do a hundred hours punishment duty," yelled he, bustling up.

"Aw, what's bitin' your brass buttons?" asked the whilom pilot of the plane. "Here read this," and he handed the astonished officer an envelope. "Now run like heck and get them to hold the game five minutes. My passenger's going to play."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the passenger in question leaped from the plane, stretched his cramped limbs for an instant, and with a handclasp to the guardian angel who had dropped him from the skies, started to lope across the field.

Then rose to heaven a sound such as even New York had never heard before. It is vain to describe it. From the throats of Fordham's adherents it welled forth, a mingled yell of triumph, a shout of amazement, a roar of welcome and a pean of thanks. "Brawley—Brawley—Brawley! Tom Brawley is here!"

"Now we know—we who were there—how Sheridan's men must have felt as the general passed them en route to Winchester, soreness, weariness and looming defeat were no more. Our sinews took on new life; the blood coursed through my veins in enthusiastic streams; I cried; I laughed; and then I began to play that second half like a demon in a dream. They say I laughed—I know I smiled—albeit joyfully, yet cruelly, as I hit that big brute of a Columbia guard. In

fact, they tell me, I was still smiling when they carried me off the field with three ribs broken—while the stands cheered me madly, and I unheeding. I knew Fordham would win, even though I had been knocked cold, and it was a joy to go down fighting for such a man as Tommy Brawley. So, what matter, if I did not hear them cheer my name—the name of the desperate left tackle. ‘Neale—Neale—Neale,’ they tell me, they shouted; but I was all unheeding, joyful in my delirium—for, yes, O Reader, my name is Neale; and I played that day of days.”

A short conference, with the coaches of Columbia and Captain Mooney on one side and Fordham’s mentors on the other, and it was agreed to postpone the commencement of the second half until Tom Brawley could don a uniform. But here the referee interfered; and quoting the rule book insisted on play commencing. This was done. But meanwhile a dozen willing hands helped Brawley into his football togs. Fordham went wild, and not even a bad fumble in the first few minutes of play that enabled a Columbia end to skirt the line and score another touchdown for the Blue and White, nor even the extra point added by Mooney’s forward pass for the point after touchdown, could chill the trust of Fordham’s cohorts. Brawley was coming and Brawley spelled victory. So the stands sang and drowned Columbia’s cheers with Fordham’s “Song of Victory”:

“Rah-rah-rah! Our boys will win this:
This is surely Fordham’s day.
Now we start our heavy scoring;
Come on! Watch us play!”

Excitement! Whew! Polo Grounds and Coogan’s Bluff, overlooking the famous stadium, never before, even in the maddest whirl of the World’s Series frenzy, had seen such excitement. Will Wynn was elected to remain on the field and direct operations, but his head was in a whirl. What with Tom, Jr.’s arrival, safe and sound with Joe Baylik, whom he had last seen in Marty Clarty’s place out West, dropping from the clouds piloting a plane and telling him that Marty himself was on his way, and the crooks who had kidnapped Tom on their way to jail, and then refusing to answer another question till after the game—no wonder that poor Wynn thought it all a dream.

But, when after five minutes of the third quarter had elapsed, Tom, cool and smiling, touched him on the shoulder and asked him to be

sent in, he knew it was no dream. He summoned Talley to the sidelines and waved his boy to go in with only one word: "Go in and win, boy! Play hard but clean." And then he sat with ashy face buried in his hands and watched the lad with consummate generalship coolly lead the team in play such as he had never seen them show before. His heart was pounding madly; tears were in his eyes, for Tom Brawley, Jr., in response to his whispered advice had leaned over, put his arms around the neck of old Will Wynn and whispered: "Yes, Dad, I will win for you!" Then the player had kissed him and dashed on the field. What did it all mean? Did the lad know the truth? Dear God!—he must watch the play—or go mad!

What is the use of telling the story? It did not turn out as we expected anyhow. Ah yes! Tom Brawley ran like a demon—whirled like a dervish, cavorted and ordered others around and tackled and guided and called signals and scored a touchdown, kicked the goal for point after touchdown and scored a field goal. Time and again he broke loose. Times without number he sent those pony backs hurtling through the air, round Columbia's ends or hurled his fullback through holes made in the defensive line. Under him the team worked like a machine. But Columbia had a team too; a fighting team that never lost heart in spite of all Fordham's brilliancy. The last three minutes found the score 19-16 in favor of Columbia with the ball wrested from Fordham by a dogged Columbia team, on its own twelve yard line. Bravely the Columbians refused to kick. They gained five yards; lost three; gained two. They were stalling, but now they had to kick—and there was only a minute to go. But why worry? Mooney's kicks had invariably been good for sixty yards that day.

With three sturdy backs gathered around him for interference, Brawley awaited the kick. He knew just where it would land, for he was a shrewd judge of wind and distance. This play would settle it. A touchdown—or nothing. Not a minute to go. He must do or die. Straight into his arms the ball. He was off. Briggs and Mosher were huddled close to him. Dinan went ahead. Down came the charging Columbia ends. In a whirling leap Dinan rolls and throws one of them to the ground—Mosher makes for the other. Brawley suddenly reverses his field and starts for the far corner. He eludes one tackler, straightarms another and twisting, dodging goes ahead. Briggs has been left far behind. York forms interference for a while. Twenty,

thirty, forty, fifty yards he goes. He will make it! No! Yes!—Ah, there, ten yards from Columbia's goal—and Mooney, good old Mooney, pounces on the runner. Others come up, and in a heap near the line the players go down in a tangled mass of squirming humanity. The pistol crashes, announcing the end of the game. No one moves. The play must be decided. A groan goes up from Fordham's stand as the last man is taken off the heap above Brawley and he is seen to be lying, hands clasped under him, more than three yards from Columbia's goal line.

The referee gently turns over Tom Brawley and a gasp of surprise stirs the stands. Brawley rises unsteadily to his feet, a trickle of blood running down his face from a slight cut over his eye. But the ball—where is the ball? Brawley has not the ball. Players, the players of both teams, turn as Brawley points, and they behold, behind Columbia's goal line, sitting on the ball—Briggs, a happy grin on his homely face. The referee runs to him, speaks a word, then raises his hands above his head in the sign that to the understanding spells: Touchdown. The score board announces the final verdict: Fordham 22—Columbia 19.

But how did Briggs get the ball? How did he score? Nobody seems to know; nobody really cares. He did it. That is enough. Fordham's lads swarm out of the stands. Briggs, the hero of the day, is mounted on their shoulders and the snake-dance of triumph begins.

Brawley, forgotten, limps to the club-house along the sidelines, wiping the blood from his face with the sleeve of his jersey. He is joined by a gray-haired old man who throws his arm around the neck of the boy and whispers: "Never mind the glory, lad; you won the day. The fickle crowd soon forgets, and Briggs is the hero of the hour."

The lad grins and whispers: "And if I should lose, let me stand by the road and cheer as the winners go by. Come on, dad, let's go over and cheer Briggs; he deserves it."

"Dad—again," whispers the old man, half fearfully; "boy, do you know anything?"

"Everything, Dad," whispers the lad in return. "Marty told me before I left Long Island with Baylik. But we'll save that. All I know is, I'm proud to be your son."

Tearfully, the old man, old by sorrow, not by weight of years, clasps the extended hand of his son.

But their embrace was not for long. Briggs, protesting, begged to be let down. A speech was demanded and he had to yield as the price of freedom.

"Fellows," he said, "you are riding the wrong man on your backs." He was interrupted by cheers and protests. He held up his hand for silence and when he had obtained it, continued: "I mean what I say. I carried the ball. But before Mooney kicked, the best player in all New York had planned the brainiest trick ever seen in football. He knew the whole world looked for him to carry the ball, and before Columbia punted, he said to Dinan, Mosher and myself: 'Fellows, the game depends on how we use our brains on this play. Dinan, stand in front of me to cover; Briggs, you and Mosher huddle close; I'll pass the ball to one of you two. The man who gets the ball, lag behind and let the others guard me as though I were carrying the ball. I'll go as far as I can. Both teams will be fooled. Then let the guy with the ball start running when the coast is clear, and may the good Lord help him to get over the line.' Fellows! I tell you it wasn't Briggsy or Mosher or Dinan or anyone else who won. It was the brainiest kid and the pluckiest kid in God's world. Now let me down—and honor Tom Brawley as he deserves."

With a whoop the crowd were off. Not only Tom, Jr., but Tom, Sr., did that crowd seize upon. Not only round the Polo Grounds, but out upon New York's streets did they carry them. New York's police smiled tolerantly and turned the other way, and let the revelry go on. Far into the night it continued and Father Dan Dowling, at last had to bid Mary Brawley be patient, for neither of them could expect to see the wandering boy or hear his story till the sweets of victory were cloyed by weariness.

(To be Continued.)

After the Ascension of Our Blessed Lord the Apostles persevered in prayer in unison with their Queen and Mother. Let us when we pray, invite Our Blessed Lady to be with us—to take our poor efforts and perfect them, and then to offer them to Her Divine Son.

"It is great wisdom not to be rash in what is to be done."

Catholic Anecdotes

ON DISCOURAGEMENT

A nun complained to St. Francis de Sales that she was discouraged by her own faults and imperfections in conduct and feelings. The Saint wrote to her in reply:

"What does it mean that if we fall into some imperfection or sin we are surprised, troubled, impatient? What else than that we thought we were something better, more resolute, steadier; and, for that reason, when we find we are not what we thought, and that we have fallen flat on our noses, we do not like it, and are uneasy, disturbed. Whereas, did we but know what we are, instead of being aghast at finding we have tumbled down, we should wonder at it if we could stand."

"No, don't be distressed," he said again, "don't be astonished, for though these faults must certainly be rejected, detested in order to get rid of them, you must not be afflicted with a distressed affliction, but with the quiet courageous affliction which begets good solid purposes of amendment."

A CONVERT'S CONFESSION

A southern convert, Catherine Atherton Grimes, says in "The Missionary" that she is often asked: "If you were free again, would you not be glad to give up the Church?" She answers: "How often that question comes up! It makes me pause and think what it would be like to go back into the world lacking the sublime beauty of the Mass, cold with doubt of the Divinity of Our Lord, comfortless without the loving arms of the Blessed Mother, bereft of the assurance of sin forgiven that lifts and cleanses the soul in the Sacrament of Penance, and, most hopeless and depressing of all, robbed of the consolation of prayer that can help those we love, both in this world and the next. When I have come this far in my thinking," she adds, "the question is fully and decisively answered. I said to a dear friend in the first bewildering happiness of it all, 'I have a strange feeling of coming home.' I think that sentence tells the whole story, and I need

go no further. I have come home, for in my Church are all the things I have sought and loved and longed for. I cannot believe that anything in the world could make me depart from it."

MODERN MARTYRS

Jailing and whipping of young girls in the Mexican persecution of religion is recounted in a vivid miniature picture of conditions in Mexico just received here. It is told in a letter written by a young Mexican woman to a girl in this city with whom she attended a Catholic college in the United States.

The writer, whose identity for obvious reasons is not given, says in part:

"These last two months we have had a tremendous work on account of the Catholic persecution. You have read something about it in the papers, but everything is pale in comparison with the brutal reality.

"The Catholic Defense League is working faithfully, but there is so much to do and the persecution is so bitter. I am (an office in a local defense unit is given), and on that account I had the honor of being in jail. Jail because of being a Catholic!

"In some other places they have gone further. They whipped the girls and young men, and in other places they have shot Catholics. In (here a city is mentioned), two young fellows who were here a week before were killed.

"Thanks to God we have been given strength enough to keep on working. God alone knows how many of us shall fall before we have our triumph—because we have no doubt but that this our suffering will bring the final triumph of the Church."

When St. Francis de Sales was a young man completing his studies at Paris, he made it a part of his rule of life to visit daily some shrine of the Blessed Virgin. This devotion to His Heavenly Mother did not go unrewarded, for he was released from a terrible temptation to despair while saying the Memorare before a statue of Our Blessed Lady.

"It is by resisting the passions and not by serving them that true peace of heart is to be found."—*a Kempis*.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE COMING OF THE KING

Queen Marie of Roumania has been here. Queen Marie of Roumania was feted and dined and escorted hither and thither and bowed to and placed on thrones and divans.

And long before she ever came, her name figured large in our newspapers. Every step of her journey was followed. Committees were appointed to prepare for her coming, to receive and welcome her and entertain her.

Christmas commemorates the coming and means the coming of one infinitely higher than Queen Marie, One Whom we do not in the least even think of comparing with any human potentate—One, to Whom to bow is to exalt oneself—One Who can enrich us—One Who comes not to borrow from us, but to give with lavish hands—One Who comes like a Babe to be loved—One Who comes with a royalty undying—not with a crown of glittering gems to mock our lowliness, but One Who comes to confer royalty on us.

Will we prepare for Him?

This is precisely the true meaning of Advent. All eyes to Christmas, not to the tree, the gifts, the new wardrobe; not the eyes of the body, but the eyes of the soul—to Christ the Babe of Bethlehem from Whom all good comes to us and especially the highest—the good the world scarcely knows any longer—peace of heart.

All eyes to Christ. He is coming for you—and, if you will, to you.

TO THE RESCUE

When the public schools of Atlanta were about to close their doors two weeks ago because of lack of funds, says a report of Nov. 5, it was a Catholic who evolved the financial plan which kept them open. This same Catholic and three other members of the same faith, were some of the two score or so of citizens who went security for the \$500,000 loan which permitted the school to continue open.

Jack J. Spalding was the Catholic who drew up the warrants and

certificates of service upon which the banks agreed to lend the money. J. J. Haverty, J. C. Payne and Charles L. Ryan were the Catholics who signed the warrants with Mr. Spalding and made themselves liable to the extent of \$10,000 each.

The situation at Atlanta was similar to what it was three years ago when Catholics, constituting only a scant two per cent of the city's population, underwrote 15 per cent of a loan necessary to prevent the closing of the public schools. There was a difference this time—the banks refused to lend the money to Atlanta because of the city's financial condition. There was no money in the municipal treasury to pay the 1,200 teachers of the 60 schools.

Several meetings were held. At one of these Mr. Spalding publicly referred to the charge of Catholic opposition to public schools constantly made by the element largely responsible for the financial crisis of the city and said that he and other Catholics who underwrote \$50,000 of the previous loan did so not to save the politicians from the results of their folly, but to show the attitude of Catholics toward the public school system.

The prospects of keeping the schools open were not very promising with the banks refusing to lend money. Mr. Spalding was appealed to and he evolved a plan whereby the banks would be asked to lend \$500,000 to fifty leading Atlantans, who in turn would lend the money to the teachers, taking an assignment of the teachers' salaries which the city is under obligation to pay when it secures funds—this on the condition that a committee named from the endorsers would supervise the expenditures of the board of education for the remainder of this year and the next. This plan worked out agreeably to all.

There are more than 900 children in the Catholic schools of the city. According to government figures which assert that it costs more than \$40 a year for each child and an investment of \$12,000 for every fifty children, the Catholic schools of this city are saving the city over \$35,000 a year operating expenses and an investment of \$200,000.

TRUTH NOT EXPEDIENCY

Much is being said these days in the newspapers concerning a certain marriage case in which figured an English duke and a wealthy American woman.

None of this news has come directly from authentic sources to show us what Rome has finally found or finally settled in the matter.

Bishop Manning of New York, without a glimpse of the testimony presented in the case, although representing a church that recognizes divorce, rises up in righteous indignation and publicly declares: "It seems incredible that the Roman Catholic Church, which takes so strong a position against divorce, should show such discrimination in favor of the Duke of Marlborough.....It would be a serious thing, indeed, and most dangerous in its implications, if the Roman Catholic Church should claim the right to annul a marriage such as this, which was entered into in entire good faith, which resulted in the birth of two children, and was accepted as binding by both parties to it for many years."

And other non-Catholic clergymen and prelates in England and the United States have made similar public statements.

In the first place, there is no question of an annulment. If the paper reports are true, it was a declaration that the marriage was never validly contracted—which is an altogether different thing—which is altogether a matter of fact, not of enactment.

The reason for the declaration, again as given by the papers, was lack of true consent on the part of the American woman at the time of the marriage. This, too, is a matter of fact. The opinion of the non-Catholic clergymen and prelates cannot make or unmake the facts. Competent witnesses alone can establish the facts.

Rome's tribunals are admittedly as strict and as rigid as any in the world. When a marriage is shown to have been *valid*, not even the loss of a whole kingdom can move them to declare that it was *invalid*—witness the case of King Henry VIII; but inversely—if the marriage is found upon convincing evidence to have been *invalid*, nothing, not even the misrepresentations and bitter accusations of non-Catholic clergymen and prelates can move them to declare the marriage to have been *valid*.

In such matters of fact submitted to her judgment, Rome goes by the facts, not by expediency.

Wealth had nothing to do with it. It was not a discrimination. Cases of a similar nature, where extremely poor people were involved, are on the records of the Roman tribunal likewise.

Does the Church mean to praise the conduct of the parties con-

cerned? Not at all. The moral goodness or sinfulness of the parties was not in question. It was merely a matter of fact.

May the witnesses have lied? There is some possibility. Even the best courts are deceived—at times. But the Roman courts less frequently than any others. That also is a matter of fact.

THE AIMS OF CALLES

Sydney Sutherland, a native of Mexico, son of a Methodist minister in Mexico, in an article published in the *Liberty* magazine, has this to say of Mexico's condition and the aims of the government:

"At this writing I do not know certain things—and after I do check and cross-check on them, I'll treat them fully. For example, the boycott declared by the Catholic Episcopate is tearing the life out of business all over the republic. Even apart from this, industry and commerce are desperate; harassed as they are constantly by tax-gluttons on the one hand, and, on the other, by the demands of the bolshevik leaders who are running organized labor and enriching themselves in the process.

"Mexico is galloping amuck, and the whole structure is tottering, in spite of the armed peace President Calles has been able to maintain, a peace that still requires armed escorts on every passenger train. No concern can keep going when it is conducted on a wholly selfish and one-sided basis.

"Calles is shrewd. He is not molesting the American or other foreign Protestants, which of course keeps other nations from interfering. But heed this prophecy: If he wins this fight against Rome, he will turn ruthlessly on the other creeds and rend them.

"And he will only have to quote the reports carried back to the United States by the herds of deluded Americans he and his bolshevik agents escort about this country, paying their expenses, and persuading Protestants that, in ten days, they have learned all about a country it would take ten years to begin to understand."

"But faithful hearts can see, o'er doubts and fears,
The Virgin-link that binds the Lord to earth;
Which, to the upturned trusting face, appears
Greater than angel, though of human birth."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

MEXICO ANOTHER RUSSIA

A Mexican, Plutarco Quematovilla, in Columbia, throws more light on the Mexican situation that reveals the true bolshevist character of the present Government. He says:

"The work of the Department in the field of public morals is positively devastating and cries out to heaven for vengeance. Wholesale prostitution and the ideal of free-love; these are the objectives of Calles, Morones, Puig, Leon and their brothers in viciousness. The books of Rollain are their models for breaking up family life. They force on the teaching corps of both sexes attendance at illustrated lectures on sex hygiene. The birth control pamphlets of Margaret Sanger are thrust upon teachers and students. The type of instruction now being given in the schools is such that a growing number of young girls are ruined every year. Naturally, we cannot go further in citing cases of this sort. Even in the elementary schools, the diabolism of these men drives them to demand that every sort of intimate matter be explained; and this process, coupled with the attack on religion and the clergy, stains the innocence of childhood and arouses precocious passions and worse.

"Thus women are led to become something else than women, and men realize that no home can be founded with them. A mere temporary union is all that comes of this sort of life—a union to be terminated with the subsidence of passion. The family is coming to an end in Mexico, thanks to the policies of the Department of Public Instruction, which has undertaken to put an end to moral principles in sorely tried Mexico. Decency is shipwrecked to the accompaniment of bestial music and profligate songs; the flight from parenthood and the hatred for the Christian home mark the triumph of Calles and his gang. Luis Morones, the self-appointed labor leader, expensively dressed and driving about in high-priced automobiles, is a marvelous spectacle as minister uniting couples in what are politely termed, "free union!" These ceremonies take place under the auspices of the Secretary of Labor and in the presence of the Mexican Regional Labor Confederation. Marriage will disappear in Mexico, and it will be followed by a people robbed of its Christian heritages by the Department of Education."

"It is great wisdom not to persist obstinately in our own opinions."

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

A MODERN MIRACLE (Cont.)

NIGHT OF REAL AGONY.

"The night before the 31st of October was a real agony, as most nights were during the long, weary years of suffering. I could hardly live with pain and sick feeling, had several times to give up blood and a dark, offensive smelling discharge; yet all through the long and weary night I said to myself—'Bear up for God's sake, and it will only last till morning.'

"Good Father Hayes said the Mass of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour again for me that morning, and with the devotion of a saint. Just after the Elevation I felt a great weakness coming over me, as though I was going to faint. I wanted to give the nurse a sign, and thought it would pass again, ascribing it to the strain it cost me to make a perfect Act of Adoration when the Sacred Host was lifted—then, praise be to God and to the Mother of Perpetual Succour—but I cannot say just how it was. I just felt all at once so well and so happy; so full of interior joy, peace and happiness. I cannot express it in words, but I felt quite sure from the moment that Our Blessed Lord, lying there before me on the altar—and through the intercession of the Mother of Perpetual Succour—had come to my poor tortured body and mind and heart—a cure, a perfect cure. Ah! who can imagine how I spent the rest of that Holy Mass; and with what feelings of intense love and gratitude I received my Lord and God into my heart. Oh! would to God the same feeling would remain with me always; but I must make it remain, with the help of my God and my Mother Mary.

WONDERFUL CURE.

"The cure was indeed as wonderful as it was complete. All the pain had left me. I got up, dressed, and, leaning lightly on my good and dear nurse, walked—with tears of joy—from my bed to the chair, where I remained sitting all day long, feeling just splendid. The dear

ones round me know how these many years I could hardly lift my head from the pillow, and how, when attempting to move my feet or lower them to the ground, I turned unconscious with pain—and now, all of a sudden, this wonderful change. For eleven years I had not been able to take any substantial food, and so little nourishment that it was strange I could live at all. That day, the first of the cure, I had potatoes, rice, meat, vegetables, etc., for dinner, and I felt perfectly well.

"The doctor who attended me for several years was quite overcome when he saw the sudden change, saying repeatedly, 'Well, Sister, this is certainly a most wonderful cure and, as you say, a miracle. Only prayer could ever have done this for you. You must be very grateful and very happy after this.' And indeed I will be, so help me God!

"Doctor says the change in the face alone is most wonderful and could never have come about in any natural way. The wounds—which are nearly all healed, the few left healing very rapidly, just the skin having to form—he pronounced perfectly cured and healthy, not a sign of the terrible disease left. I had not the least pain left in them and feel so well and so happy—a new being altogether, through God's infinite mercy. And now, Oh my God, in obedience I have written down the unspeakable favor Thou hast—through Mary's intercession—bestowed on a poor miserable child. May others help me to thank and praise the Good God and may through it the power of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour—the Mother of Mercy—be known, and her loving name be invoked by all who are suffering in body and soul.

"'Mother of Perpetual Succour, all I have I give to thee;

Help me, that through my endeavor, others, too, thy love may see.'

"(Signed),

"Sr. Mary Evangelina,

"Sr. of the Holy Cross."

To the reality of the miracle here recorded, I, who witnessed it, gladly and gratefully testify.

(Signed),

Martin Hayes, C.Ss.R.,

November, 1922.

Pretoria, South Africa.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I desire to give thanks to our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for having obtained for me complete restoration to health.

Catholic Events

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, contributed three million lire, about one hundred thousand dollars, towards the cost of building the new Irish College which has just been opened in Rome. About fifty thousand dollars was collected in Ireland, and this, together with the sum received for the old building, defrayed most of the expenses of the transfer. The Irish College is three centuries old.

* * *

At the second convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation a cablegram from Rome was read, saying: "The Holy Father grants special blessing to alumni of Catholic Colleges on the occasion of their convention in Philadelphia."

Sidney Sutherland, an American but reared in Mexico and the son of a Mexican missionary, writing in *Liberty*, says:

"On February 12 there appeared nocturnally posted on the corners of the city of Mexico an open letter to the President, signed by numerous Masonic lodges and leaders, demanding the discharge of every Catholic in government employ and frontiers, about half of them under Masons. This is an appropriate place to inform you that, save for two or three lodges under American jurisdiction, only one of which took part in this harsh and unjustified demand, American Masonry does not recognize the Mexican orders. There are reasons, and I assure you that all of them are sufficient.

"Indescribable hardships followed a somewhat general compliance with this Mexican Masonic suggestion."

* * *

According to a report of the Associated Press, Nov. 23, smouldering disputes with Mexico over application of her new laws to American oil and mining interests are drawing to a showdown. On Jan. 1, foreign oil and land in Mexico must agree not to seek diplomatic protection of their home government for their holdings, or, by the new laws, they must forfeit them to the Mexican government.

The Calles government bluntly takes the position that Mexico is passing to a new ownership system of nationalization of resources which "requires" that old rights adjust themselves to new principles "in the general interests of the nation." This led our Secretary of State Kellogg to publish the correspondence between the two governments and to assert in clear terms the American position.

"This government," writes Secretary Kellogg, "cannot and does not concede that the Mexican government may exact from an American citizen, under pain of forfeiture, an undertaking of this character, (not to seek the protection of Washington against dispossession), the vital purport of which would be to constitute the Mexican government the sole judge of whether such citizen is, or is not, deprived of vested interests in violation of the law of nations."

"My government," continues the Secretary, "continues to regard the proceeding of 1923 as a negotiation of the highest importance upon which two states may engage. The paramount issue was that of recognition. Without the assurance received at that negotiation recognition could not and would not have been extended."

The Mexican Foreign Minister Saenz replied to this note with a voluminous argument to deny our charges and to dispute the validity of the understanding of 1923, contending that that understanding was with the Obregon government. Secretary Kellogg threatens the Mexican government with the recall of its recognition.

General Obregon backs Calles, declaring that he is introducing a new form of government,—Socialism and Communism.

* * *

General Obregon, who, probably in view of his candidature for the Presidency, had not taken much public part in the religious controversy in Mexico, in a public statement issued on Nov. 7, presumed to give much advice to the Church, pointing out what he called its errors, and predicting that the net result of the whole opposition would be loss of religion among the Indians and poor generally. For the benefit of this country he explained why the church is against the present government: it is because the clergy oppose the aspirations of the international movement of Socialism, as represented by Calles. And Socialism is their name for the most radical Communism, as their newest laws prove.

Thus, at least it becomes clear what the present Mexican government is aiming at: not the destruction of the Catholic Church only, but of the whole Christian concept of life and society.

* * *

In an atmosphere of royal grandeur the Belgian Crown Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, and Princess Astrid of Sweden were married on November 10, in the splendid old Gothic church of St. Gudule. The Archbishop of Malines, Msgr. van Roey, performed the ceremony, robbed of much of its pomp and splendor because, the marriage being mixed, there was no nuptial Mass.

Six days earlier a civil ceremony, according to Swedish laws, had taken place at Stockholm in the throne room of the palace. There was no Protestant religious ceremony as some of the papers had predicted.

Demonstrations both in the Swedish capital and at Brussels indicate that the marriage was a popular one and that the Belgian people gave a whole-hearted welcome to the bride of their future king.

* * *

President Calles' government in Mexico has become so concerned over the series of articles now being printed in *Liberty Magazine* that it has caused the arrest of an American writer whom it considers responsible for them. The man arrested was Joseph De Courcey, correspondent in Mexico of the New York Times. Mr. De Courcey says that two agents of the secret police requested him to visit the department of the interior, but presented no warrants. He went and after several hours' wait was told by the chief of the secret service that the Mexican consul in Chicago had discovered that he was the author of the articles under the name of Sidney Sutherland. He continues:

"Naturally I was indignant over the false accusation and was further appalled by the ignorance of plain facts brought out by the examination to which I was subjected before I was released." Sidney Sutherland, when informed of the incident, said: "It's a joke to say that De Courcey is the author of my articles, but it's no joke to be in a Mexican jail."

* * *

For the second time in four years the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada, was destroyed by fire early on the morning of Nov. 8. Though the contents of the building, which was only a temporary structure used while the new basilica is under construction, and many valuable treasures of the church perished, the Fathers of the Redemptorist Order in charge of the shrine were able to announce that the most famous of the relics of the Saint had been saved. In 1922 the original shrine was also destroyed by fire, and a new basilica is being built to replace it.

* * *

St. Edward's (Catholic) University debaters of Austin, Texas, won a unanimous judges' decision over the debaters from Oxford University of England in a debate held in San Antonio, Wednesday, Nov. 10. The question was: "Resolved that the League of Nations is unworthy of the confidence of the world."

Almost at the same time the debating team of Boston College (Catholic) won a decision over the debaters from Cambridge University of England. The question was: "Resolved that this house deplors the tendency of government to usurp the rights of individuals." The decision was rendered by three judges, two of them justices of the Massachusetts superior court and one of the federal district court, graduates of Amherst, Yale and Harvard.

* * *

Catholic building projects upon which reports were received from virtually every section of the United States during the last week will have a cash valuation far in excess of \$10,000,000. There were a number of projects of considerable size the costs of which were not given. Of the estimated amount, \$4,737,000 will be used in the building of schools.

* * *

A three hundred thousand dollar gift for the diocesan seminary was made to Bishop Malloy of Brooklyn a few days ago by John F. McEvoy, of the firm of John F. McEvoy, Inc., dealers in church goods, of 42 Barclay St., New York. Mr. McEvoy said: "I have been specially favored by divine Providence. God has granted me the greatest success so I felt a certain responsibility in disposing of my surplus in a way that would be productive of some good while I was still in the land of the living."

* * *

Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of the Federated Church of Christ, speaking before the Bedford Y. M. C. A., in praise of the Holy Name Society urged the formation of a similar organization among Protestants, to show that, "they are pledged to clean speech, free of blasphemy, filth, profanity and putridity."

Some Good Books

Sermons for Sundays. By Rev. Owen A. Hill, S. J. Published by B. Herder Book Company., St. Louis. Price, \$2.25 net.

In these sermons—based almost entirely on the Sunday Gospels—the author intends primarily the edification and spiritual betterment of the faithful. However, since these sermons have had the practical test of having been preached in the pulpit in various cities, they will commend themselves likewise to those who have the duty of preaching. In following the lead of the Sunday Gospels, the author has endeavored not to wander far from the spirit that is peculiar to the various seasons of the ecclesiastical year.

The United States. A History for the Upper Grades of Catholic Schools. By William H. J. Kennedy, Ph.D., and Sister Mary Joseph, Ph.D. Published by Benziger Bros. List price, \$1.60—with liberal discount.

Teachers' Manual—to accompany above. Net \$0.15.

In the August Liguorian we reviewed "America's Story" by the same authors. That volume was written for the Lower Grades. This new volume has in mind the students of the 7th and 8th grades and hence develops the story more fully and thoroughly. We note the same profuseness of maps and illustrations, the same valuable suggestions for further study and reading, the commendable appendix containing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States (with annotations), etc.

Following Our Divine Model. By Rev. J. F. McElhone, C.S.C. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.25 net.

A series of meditations for beginners in the spiritual life. Each meditation is completely worked out—with preludes, consideration, application, affections, resolution. The various meditations are not attached to definite days of the week or month, but take up in order subjects such

as Vocation, Temptation, Sin, Love of Neighbor, Prayer, Obedience, Mortification, Humility, Love of God. As the title suggests, Our Divine Lord is the Exemplar for imitation in the ordinary affairs of daily life.

Making the Eleven. By John R. Uniack. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.00 net.

Of course, this is a football story. And it's one that will delight the heart of any wide-awake American boy into whose hands it falls. The hero is Tommy Barry, a newcomer at St. Michael's, who after many ups and downs finally makes the eleven and is himself made into a sterling piece of American boyhood.

Schooner Ahoy! By Irving T. McDonald. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.25 net.

When, in the September Liguorian, we reviewed "Hoi-ah! Andy Carroll's First Year at Holy Cross," to which the above is a sequel, we looked forward with pleasure to the story of the coming years at college. But between college years come the vacation months. Together with fellow students Andy spent that first vacation from Holy Cross with the Cape Cod fishing fleet. The thrilling adventures that were theirs are told in this second book of what promises to be a splendid series.

At the Feet of the Master. By Rev. Anthony Huonder, S.J. Freely adapted into English and edited by Arthur Preuss. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.00 net.

This is the second volume of a series of short meditations for busy parish priests and is concerned with the Night of the Passion. All told there are 125 meditations of somewhat unequal length but all replete with solid matter for thought and prayer. The author's profound knowledge of Holy Writ has enabled him to weave the revealed word into the very texture of the meditations.

Lucid Intervals

Observing a young lady standing alone, at a social function, the young man stepped up to her and said: "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black."

"Yes," she replied, "I know I do; but I'd look far worse in white."

She—You remind me of the wild sea waves.

He—Oh-h-h, because I am so restless and unconquered?

She—No. Because you make me sick.

School Ma'am: "Why was Solomon the wisest man?"

Pupil: "Because he had so many wives to advise him."

School Ma'am: "Ahem! That is not exactly the reason given in the book, but there's much to be said in favor of it."

She: "I wouldn't even consider marrying you, you are impossible. You are repulsive and miserable. I would not marry you if you were the last man on earth. I hate and despise you. You are despicable."

He: "Do I understand that you are rejecting my proposal?"

Cop: "Here, how did you fall in that gutter?"

Souse: "I saw two lamp-posts, os-shifer, an' I guess I leaned on the wrong one."

"I shouldn't have eaten that mission steak."

Said the cannibal with a frown.

"For oft have I heard of the old proverb—

"You can't keep a good man down'."

"Hey, you," yelled the traffic officer at the amorous driver. "Why don't you use both hands?"

"I'm afraid to let go the steering wheel," grinned the irrepressible youth at the wheel.

"What do you call the people who ride in the last three seats of a trolley?"

"Er—I give up, what?"

"Passengers."

"What, another row with your wife? What's the trouble this time?"

"The same old thing—she's right and I don't agree with her."

She: "I never saw a married couple who got on so well together as Mr. and Mrs. Rigby."

He: "Humph! I know! Each of them does exactly as she likes."

Question—"How did you screw up your courage to propose to the rich Mrs. MacTavish, Sandy?"

Answer—"Gosh, mon, 'twas just awfu! I'd sworn I'd do it come Monday night, so I took her for a bit of a ride in a taxicab, and wi' one eye on the wee meter tickin' awa', I had her won at the end o' saxty cents."

The clerk timidly entered his employer's sanctum. "I would like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," he faltered.

"So would I," murmured the head of the firm and continued signing checks.

Stranger—Why do you have all those statues on the tops of those partly finished buildings?

Resident — Statues, nothing; just wait an hour or so and they'll move. They're all bricklayers.

"Ise a bit late gettin' to de' washin' dis mornin', Miss Brown," explained Eliza as she bustled in, somewhat out of breath. "Jim was took bad in de night ag'in."

"Jim is sick a great deal, isn't he, Eliza?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yas'm, Miss Brown. You see his mothah had rheumatis when he was bohn, and Jim done inhaled it."

"I'm going to give you this violin."

"An out-and-out gift?"

"Absolutely. No strings to it."

Big Bug: "Where are you going, little flea?"

Flea: "I'm going to the dogs."

Redemptorist Scholarships

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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.)	1,258.50
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* * *

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